# On the much Lamented Death

Of that Incomparable Lady

## *The Honourable the Lady OXENDEN.*

A Pindarique Ode. By Mrs. *Randolph.*

I.

AH! 'tis too much, relentleſs Fate!
No more impartial may we ſtile thee now,
So nicely thou doſt chuſe thy Victims out of late,
Still the moſt perfect ſooneſt feel thy Blow.
His larger Circle yet the Sun
Has hardly twice compleatly run,
Since thou didſt on that great Example ſeize,
Of Queens the wiſeſt and the beſt
That ever any Age, or any Nation, bleſt.
Could not that Glorious Royal Prize
Thy greedy Cruelty ſuffice!
But muſt thou ſtill go on, and with a ſpiteful Hand,
Snatch ev'ry Ornament of our unhappy Land?
And few they were (alas) ſhe left behind,
In whom her Vertues ſingly ſhin'd;
Here they did ſo conſpicuouſly unite,
And each of them ſo eminently bright,
Their Luſtre did too ſoon direct thee right.

II.

In vain, exceedingly in vain,
From thee, my Muſe, I think to find Relief,
Thou canſt not help me to complain,
Broken and uſeleſs now is thy neglected Lyre;
Too little Art thou haſt, and too much Grief,
This Theme a more exalted Strain,
A better Genius does require:
Yet ha! Should all their utmoſt Skill conſpire,
The ſweeteſt, livelieſt Strokes of Poetry
When drawn for her, how flat and dead they be!
Whoever would her Character endite,
Muſt firſt have learnt, like her, to think and write.

III.

All Excellencies, Moral and Divine,
With Intellectual, did in her combine;
So ſolid was her Judgment, ſo acute her Wit,
So well ſhe did employ and govern it:

To ev'ry uſeful kind of Knowledge ſhe aſpir'd
Scorn'd by thoſe narrow Bounds to be confin'd,
Which to her Sex are enviouſly aſſign'd,
And 'twas as eaſily by her acquir'd,
As ſpeedily, almoſt, as 'twas deſir'd:
Nature (who doubtleſs did foreſee,
How ſhort her Time was here to be)
So accurately did her mind contrive,
And did ſuch quick perception to it give,
That ſhe Perfection might attain,
And all the Ends of Life might gain,
Before moſt others do begin to live.

## IV.

Her great Endowments, which to all were known,
Seem'd hidden from her ſelf alone;
Her Wit was cloath'd in mildeſt Innocence,
Such as could neither give, nor take Offence;
Goodneſs her whole Compoſure ſeem'd to be,
From the leaſt viſible Defect 'twas free,
Exceſſive only in Humility:
That ſo attractively ſhe did expreſs,
With ſuch engaging Sweetneſs in her whole Addreſs,
As was peculiar to her Mein,
In others 'tis ſo ſeldom ſeen,
'Tis hard to fit it with a Name
In her it always charm'd, and always was the ſame.

## V.

No Storms of Paſſion ever could moleſt
The happy Calmneſs of her Breaſt,
A proper Temple for that ſacred Dove,
That does a peaceful Habitation love,
Religion over all her Vertues reign'd,
Their Luſtre and Security maintain'd,
Not to her Cloſet or the Church confin'd,
(Tho' there with conſtant Fervour ſtill it ſhin'd)
Nor yet unprofitably ſpent,
In Theory alone, and Argument,
(Tho' that exactly too ſhe underſtood)
But in the nobler Task of doing good.
In her the ancient Chriſtian Charity
We did, but now (alaſs) no more ſhall ſee,
It is too antiquated grown,
For Ladies in theſe Days to own:
But ſhe was form'd by Heav'n, to ſhow
What Nature when improv'd by Grace could do;
This ſtupid ſlothful Age to teach,
To what a Height Humanity might reach.

## VI.

A Soul ſo made for thoſe bright Seats above,
From its Celeſtial Manſion could not ſtay,
Nor longer be confin'd to Mortal Clay;
It grew impatient to remove:
Tho' ne'er did Nature better yet
An outward Frame to ſuch a Spirit fit;
As 'twill hereafter ſhine in Robes of Light:
'Twas here adorn'd with almoſt matchleſs white.
So ſweet an Air, ſuch perfect Symmetry,
And that exact Proportion did agree,
With ſuch a Soul compos'd of Harmony,
Could Vertue dreſt in Humane Shape appear,
Juſt ſuch a lovely Form ſhe'd chuſe to wear.
Thou ſooner, Muſe, her Beauty ſhoud'ſt have told
But that, tho' in its ſelf 'twas great,
And many others it outſhin'd,
'Twas darken'd by the Luſtre of her Mind:
As in a beauteous Picture richly ſet,
With moſt Attention we behold the Face,
And hardly mind at all the Caſe,
Tho' edg'd with ſpark'ling Stones, enrich'd with pureſt Gold:
So whilſt in her bright Soul we ſee,
So fair an Impreſs of the Diety,
We ſcarce had Leiſure to obſerve the Shrine,
The Saint that dwelt there caſt a Splendor more divine.

## VII.

The Bleſt, who now Triumphant reign,
A ſtrict Communion don't diſdain
With us poor Militants below;
And certainly it was that Truth to ſhow,
That on that ſolemn Day, All-Saints Day (96)
Which to their Memory we yearly pay,
Her Guardian Angel ſummon'd her away.
A Pledge of that Communion ſhe was given,
(As fit a one as Earth could yield to Heaven)
And we ſhould ill that Sympathy maintain,
If now whilſt they rejoice we ſhould complain.
To thee (bright Saint) were but our Sorrows known,
The guilty Tribute (ſure) thou would'ſt diſown;
We muſt not mourn, ſince thou art bleſt,
However hard, extremely hard it be,
Our ſtubborn Grief muſt be ſuppreſt,
Since 'tis injurious to thy Memory:
How muchthy Vertues we admire,
By Imitation will the beſt be ſhown,
And that's a Task will all our Lives require.

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The HONOURABLE

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